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IN THE SHADOW OF THE BRIDGE— By R E M

Understand that Canada is carrying this austerity program of theirs too far. Last year your reporter heard of the situation, Ottawa had placed an embargo on all American radio programs. Just think fellows, now we won't be able to hear the Lone Ranger anymore . . .

Saw Don Bondy, of the W. J. Bondy & Sons Shoe Store (paid advertisement) driving a new Chevvy in place of his Buick. Gad, but these peasants must have a tough time every morning trying to decide on which car to drive to classes.

Miracles never cease. Francis Dolan walked into English 38 class on time the other day. Naturally Fr. Stan Murphy was surprised. But upon talking to Dolan, we find that he has turned over a new leaf and has promised for the new year to make all of his classes—and on time, too.

Just returned from a Student Assembly at which there could not have been more than 250 representatives from the Student body. It must really be encouraging for our President (Norm Harrison is the name, in case those boys who will not break up their card games long enough to attend those meetings wish to know), to work hard preparing material for those meetings, moving the faculty in order to have classes called off, and then see his efforts appreciated by one-third of the Students. O, well!

While we're on the subject of Student attendance at STUDENT FUNCTIONS, there couldn't have been more than fifty of us at the basketball game against Defiance. In case none of you heard, we won 51-49 in an overtime period. Both our President, Rev. Fr. O'Loane and our Athletic Director, Rev. Fr. Higgins have tried to instill some school spirit into some of you vegetables that do not get out to the games. Some of you would probably not bother going even if the games were played in your own living room.

While on the subject, REM extends bouquets of Orchids to Joe Gribben, Joe Viviano, Jack Wick, and some of the other boys who appreciate the efforts of the team enough to hitch-hike to the games that are played in the near vicinity of Windsor.

Twas quite a Christmas party that was held in the "Lounge" on the night of December 12th, and I know I speak the truth when I say that the evening was enjoyed by all. Santa and his little helper played their parts very well and their generosity to the "fummes" is unquestionable.

Heard a few of the boys took a trip to attend a Christmas Formal at a certain girls' college—St. Mary of the Springs by name—in far-off Ohio. Understand a swell time was had by each and every one of them, but it seems like a great distance to go just for a dance. Or was there a more important attraction boys? Could be that there aren't enough social events around here to keep such gadabouts contented.

Before closing, I want to beg each and every one of you to keep your Christmas mailing at a minimum. It seems that in one of my weaker moments—and before I had fully realized what I was doing—I was a member of the Post Office Department.

And in closing, I want to borrow a few lines from the poem "Twas the Night Before Christmas" and say Merry Christmas to All, and to All, Good-Night.

P.S.— And a sober but prosperous New Year . . .

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"Pick up everything that's not growing", was the order of the drill sergeant to the police detail.

About that time a bobby-soxer passed.

The sergeant blew his whistle and shouted, "That's still growing, men".

A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS
TO
ASSUMPTION
COLLEGE
ALLPASS
CONFECTIONERY

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION

By DICK SHIELDS

The tragedy of man today is that he has lost his way in the fog of the world's delusions. He has pursued positive knowledge as the be-all and end-all of his existence. He has come to know more and more about less and less. After the rude shock of the last world cataclysm he has awakened to his own inadequacy as a human being. He has become aware of the mystery behind the material universe, and he feels the incapacity of his mechanical processes to cope with this new realization. He is awakening to the spiritual value that shines in the face of every creature, and his great desire is to make complete response. But not in creatures alone does he make full response—they all die in his eager clasp, and he clasps air that beats with the pulse of he knows not what. Man today wants above all to see life steadily and to see it whole. His is a spiritual quest of the kingdom that is not of this world. But the paradox is, only in this world will he find it.

Beauty and truth sear themselves across the forehead of a world that has burned its heart out with the fire of its own lusts. The light of eternal wisdom begins to pierce minds dulled by their own sensual preoccupation. The hunger for eternal things gnaws at stomachs filled with an undigested knowledge. The souls of men begin to recognize the property in things akin to their own essence. Looking anew at the face of the world, men are reminded of their own spiritual nature. The souls of men have come to learn to admire; their minds are wanting to know what their hearts desire; their hearts are wanting to love that which will requite their love. Man today wants a spiritual vision that will lift him above the dead level of the world, raising him to the anthem of its silent praise.

In this quest for spiritual wisdom man today is looking for nothing less than human happiness. He is looking for the fulfillment of his human person. This is nothing else than the object of education. Men exist in the world, therefore they must live in the world. But the economy of the world is not now shaped for man; it is geared to run the machine of progress. It fills man today with harassing preoccupations and anxieties. It seriously hampers his efforts at self-expression properly understood. It distracts him from the main objects of human living. It does not allow him to give himself in a free and unencumbered manner to those higher spiritual activities requisite for the formation of his true human personality. So, to equip man today to live in the world, education must mean "that culture of the mind, the will and the emotions, which, whilst adapting a man for the exercise of a particular calling, disposes him to achieve an excellent personal and social life within the framework of that calling."

This harmony in man is to be effected through the instrumentality of art, science, literature and revelation. Man today is educated when he thinks of human life as its Creator thinks of it. He is better educated when he can admire and appreciate the real beauty that comes from the creative mind of this Supreme Artist. He is highly educated when he can give apt expression in words to the

THE FUTURE OF THE A.C. STUDENT . . .

In what does student life consist? Can we expect to fulfill the purpose of our student life if we do not know why we are students? Many, many times we must wonder just why we are in college anyhow. Could it be that we are here at Assumption College to—either by hook or crook—to get the degree so we can later on make that fortune working as doctors, lawyers, or engineers? . . . Money really matters, doesn't it. Why not? We need it for the necessities of life. So also, does obtaining that hoped for position. Why shouldn't it? Our security and material happiness in life depend somewhat on it. But is that all?? Is that as far as we are going to go? Or are we really going to get down to the bare facts? All of us have certain talent and ability. As students, we have grave responsibilities to develop ourselves, and our abilities, so as to be a service to ourselves and our fellow students now, and a service to the society in which we are living today and will be living tomorrow. Now, is the time for us as students to realize this!!

truth he has grasped. And the process is complete when man can apply his will to bring behavior into conformity with the canons of the true and the beautiful. In so far as this ideal is attained, in so far is happiness won in this life.

The purpose of education is efficiency and freedom. Under the former, man must be trained to earn a livelihood and to contribute toward the creation of a social order that puts the means to earn a livelihood at the disposal of all. Under the latter, man must be formed to a knowledge of what is true, to a love of what is good, and to an admiration of what is beautiful. This formation gives him the freedom to become a man. In this sense education does not exist by itself as an abstract entity, rather it has its existence only in the mind, and heart, and will of man.

Education should make man creative, or interpretive of life in its fulness. Instead, much modern education offers men critical dissections and "the disintegrated relics of a post-mortem." Our education must teach us to reassemble the unified vision of things that the specialists of five hundred years have parted and pulled asunder. We need the power of direct vision. That is the power that all men crave today. Men want to bring purpose and order back into their universe. Education can give it to them. But they must learn from the eternally ordained schemes of sensible reality, not in the pride of their own plans. Man is not the end of his own existence: that is the great lesson he must learn. Man is possessed; he does not possess. When man comes to know Who possesses him, then will he find response to the love for which his whole soul yearns, and solace to the questionings of his mind. Then will he have begun to live in happiness; then will he have been led out of himself; then will he have been educated.

ALL IS CALM...**(A True Christmas Story)**

Yes, the thing that makes this story so wondrous and tender is that it is d-e-e-p-l-y rooted in fact, and if anyone should doubt that, let him take a little pre-Christmas junket to the site of the happening I am about to relate, and five will get him ten that he experiences about the same thing.

But let us not dilly-dally; I know that all of you are waiting breathlessly for the Old Story-Teller to begin his tale.

Monday, the 15th of December, I was sitting Yogi-wise on my prayer rug, contemplating my navel, when suddenly I was struck by the disquieting thought that I had failed to secure a Christmas gift for my dear old Uncle Ben Z. Drine, who is, at present, reaping a fortune in Africa, selling lipsticks to the Ubangies. Well, as I had long dreamed of falling heir to Ben's collection of cigar bands, I did not think it would be a politic measure to neglect him this Yuletide. So, throwing my Inverness cape over my shoulders and grabbing my swordcane as I sped through the hall of my seraglio, I dashed into the lovely winterscape that is Sandwich West in December. Before me stood my Hansom cab, and atop it, in the driver's seat, sat my nubian coachman, waiting to take me wherever I might order him to go. "The Motorcar City," I said quickly, and before you could speak the word electroencephalogram, we were speeding down Woodward avenue, in Detroit.

I directed the coachman to stop before that gargantuan emporium known as Hudson's. There I dismissed the cab and plunged into a revolving door that looked like a merry-go-round strayed from the circus. After being thoroughly spun for the period of about five minutes, during which time centrifugal force relieved me of six loaded derringers, a portable set of Encyclopedia Britannica, and three complimentary passes to the Avenue Burlesque

House (courtesy to the Press, you know), I was tumbled onto the floor of Hudson's Cologne and Body Powder Dept. As Uncle Ben is inclined to be just a bit careless about his person, I decided to seek elsewhere for his gift. . . . But what to get?

"It must be something unusual," I thought to myself, "or Uncle Ben won't appreciate it." Then a capital idea struck me: I would buy him a necktie!

Complimenting myself on having the genius to think of such an unusual gift, I hurried to the elevator, and wedged myself in between two rather robust women, who frowned at me when the ostrich feather in my hat tickled their noses. I was still so lost in the self-adulation brought about by my hitting upon such a marvelous idea regarding the Christmas gift for Uncle Ben, that I forgot to ask the operator what floor stocked neckties, and it was not until I began gasping for breath and noticing blood spurting out of my nostrils that I realized I must be nearing the very topmost floors. Turning to the elevator operator, who by this time had opened and lighted a can of Sterno, and had donned her oxygen mask, I enquired as to where neckties could be purchased. By pointing a gloved finger at the directory in the car, she managed to inform me that these items were kept in the basement. She then pointed to another bit of information printed on the directory: a warning to all customers coming from the upper stories that a descent into basement levels was made at their own risk, and that the management would not be responsible for any cases of "bends" that might result therefrom. Assuring the young lady that I was a stout fellow, I directed her to take me into that **mundus subterraneus** where my precious necktie hung.

The car stopped, at last, and I stepped out into a dripping corridor of the basement level. After progressing some two or three hundred feet, I encountered a party of gaunt, crazed shoppers groping their way toward the elevator shaft. It seemed that they had been lost for some two weeks, and it was only after the Store had recruited Richard Haliburton to search for them that they had been found. Needless to say, all of this rather disquieted me, and I had begun to say to myself that maybe Uncle Ben's collection of cigar bands wasn't so damn much after; but it was not until I was accosted by a ragged, emaciated man who rushed up to me and began crying, "Stanley, Stanley! at last—at last the world shall know of me, Dr. Livingston, and that I have traced the River Nile to its source!" that I decided Uncle Ben's cigar band collection could go to Mrs. Roosevelt (who also uses much of Uncle Ben's product) if he so willed it. All I wanted was to get the hell out of there. A thing which I did, fortunately, before my last "K" rations gave out.

Merry Christmas, youze guys!
—DENNY LARKE

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By NEIL HAFFEY

Shortly before you fellows begin to tramp back to A.C. over the snowy highways and the icy byways, Michigan will have played in the Rose Bowl in sunny Pasadena. Southern Cal will have been their unfortunate victims. This brings to mind the first Rose Bowl, which Michigan also played in and also won. Little did they know then that the game would become such a gigantic drawing card and become the grand-daddy of all the numerous Bowl games to follow.

Since the Rose Bowl is a "must" on the sport fan's radio agenda, let's have a brief run down of some of the more thrilling tussles—of which there have been many.

1902—Michigan's great point-a-minute team, coached by Fielding H. (Hurry Up) Yost, routed Stanford in the first Rose Bowl before the small gathering of 8,000.

1925—Notre Dame, headed by the Four Horse Men and the Seven Mules, stopped Stanford 27-10. Elmer Layden scored on an intercepted pass after galloping 70 yards. Ernie Nevers was the best for Stanford.

1926—The Crimson Tide of Alabama, headed by Johnny Mack Brown, now a movie star, edged Washington 20-19. Brown took a 59 yard pass for a T.D.

1929—Georgia Tech defeated California 8-7 by virtue of Roy Riegel's 70 yard run in the wrong direction. He was stopped on his own one yard line. The kick on the next play was blocked and a safety for Georgia gave them the game.

1930—Although Pittsburgh had six All-Americans, they were still no match for Southern Cal. They crushed them 47-14.

1935—Stanford had Bobby Grayson. Alabama had Dixie Howell and Don Hutson. Howell hit Hutson all day and The Tide dumped Stanford 29-13.

1937—Pittsburgh defeated Washington 21-0. All-American Marshall Goldberg led the Panthers.

1939—This was the biggest upset in the history of the Bowl. An untied, undefeated, unscorched Blue Devil squad from Duke led all the way 3-0. But in the fading seconds, a third string quarter, Doyle Nave passed to Al Krueger for a T.D. and the Bowl game.

1942—Georgia was led by All-American Frankie Sinkwich and Charlie Trippi. U.C.L.A. was led by Bob Waterfield. But the Bulldogs of the South won 9-0.

That was the history of the Rose Bowl. And while we are on football, here are a few statistics.

Most Field Goals in a Season—

1912—Charles Brickle-Harvard-13.

Most Points After T.D.—

1916—Ivan Henry Grone-Kendall-61.

Most Points in a Season by an Individual—

1920—James Leech-V.M.I.-210.

Most T.D.'s in a Season by an Individual—

1940—John Hunt-Marshall College, West Va.-27.

Longest Completed Pass for a Score—

1920—Harold Brick Miller threw a 70 yard pass to B. Stephens that helped California down Ohio State.

Longest Run—

1920—Ben Boynton took a Hamilton Kick and ran 110 yards for a Williams score.

Longest Field Goal—

1916—The Gipper, George Gipp, of Notre Dame booted a 62 yard Field Goal against Western Normal. (In checking over the records here, we found this interesting item. In 1921, H. C. Iler of Detroit Junior College, kicked a 52 yard Field Goal against Assumption.)

Undefeated, Untied, Unscored Upon Teams—

Year	School	Games Played	Points	O. Points
1888	Yale	13	698	0
1891	Yale	13	488	0
1892	Yale	13	435	0
1901	Michigan	11	550	0
1909	Yale	10	209	0
1919	Texas A & M	10	275	0
1939	Tennessee	10	212	0
1938	Duke	9	114	0

P & W

BASKETBALL STATISTICS

Name	Games Played	F.G.	F.	Personal Fouls	Points
Thomas	2	13	7	7	33
O'Hara	4	10	7	11	27
Campbell	4	8	6	7	22
Harrison	3	7	3	3	17
Kohlman	4	4	6	11	14
Thompson	4	5	2	4	12
Wisniewski	4	5	0	4	10
Tolmie	4	3	2	5	8
Robitaille	4	2	2	4	6
Marchand	4	1	4	2	6
Fisher	4	0	5	2	5
Lerch	4	1	1	1	3
Angus	1	0	2	0	2
Pare	4	0	1	0	1
Zeller	4	0	0	1	0
TOTALS	4	59	49	62	166

TOTAL POINTS:

OPPONENTS, 231

ASSUMPTION, 166.